



GRANDPA SQUELCHES A CANARD

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Now Alferd Potts, he say he know
There *isn't* any Santy Claus!
He say his pa he tell him so
An' that he tell him so buhcause
He say that Alferd's old enough
Not to buhlieve that kind o' stuff.
But grampa say that Alferd's wrong,
And grampa has lived awful long.

My grampa he just laugh when I
Tell him what Alferd Potts he said.
Grampa say: "Ain't a Santy? My!
I hadn't heard that he was dead.
W'y, Santy's whole lots older 'n me—
He came to my first Christmas tree."
So Alferd Potts tell what ain't so,
Buhcause my grampa ought to know.

My grampa take me on his lap
An' say: "I mind as plain as day
When I was just a little chap
About your size, how some one say
There ain't a Santy Claus, an' how
It make me feel like you do now.
An' for a while I purty near
Buhlieved it, too, but it seemed queer."

My grampa say 'at Santy Claus
He's fond o' little girls an' boys
That always minds their pas an' mas
An' never makes un-seem-ly noise.
An' he say he has seen him—Yes!
O, most a thousand times, I guess.
"How does he look?" he say. "Let's see.
Well, what if he looks some like me!"

I ast my grampa after while
If Santy Claus is *rully* so.
An' then he look at me, an' smile,
An' say: "When you're my age, you'll know
That what is *good* is *always* true."
So now, then! Alferd never knew
So much; him nor that pa o' his
Is *half* as old as grampa is!

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A SANTA CLAUS GIFT

ROSEY HAGGERTY pulled the worn coat more closely about her frail form as she hurried out into the cheerless dawn of the raw December day. The little lame sister—Maggie—crippled but always merry, the one bit of sunshine in the older sister's life, still lay asleep, blissfully unconscious of the pitiful struggle necessary in order to procure the wherewithal to make life possible. The little sister had never walked, but the small room where she lived was kept as sunny-bright as was possible, even when it meant that the older sister went oftentimes hungry to bed.

As she climbed wearily to the office, grim and unbecoming in the early morning light, and prepared for the rough work ahead, her mind reverted again and again to the question asked in such a pleading voice. "Sister Rosey, don't you think Kris will bring me a gold locket—a heart-shaped one like Miss Millie had on the day she called?"

A gold locket! Rosey's care and sacrifice, resulting in the magnificent purchase of a few candy toys, a new dress and a gingerbread man, suddenly sank into nothingness beside the startling significance of this childish question.

Other years she had gleaned several dollars from generous employers at Christmas time. Perhaps she might manage to get one that was not really, truly gold all the way through. She scrubbed away vigorously. The dust flew before her persistent onslaught. And all through the hours only one thought was in those blue eyes.

The hour came that saw the finish of her labor—two crisp dollar bills and some loose change represented her gifts for the day—money was not as plentiful this year. The Christmas eve shoppers pushed and jostled her as she made her way along the crowded thoroughfare, where bright stores displayed their wares in tempting array. Carefully separating one of the new bills and putting it aside for the rent, she entered a store that promised the trinket she was looking for. The tired saleslady answered the question that was put to her politely, undoubtedly reading a pathetic story in the pale face before her. No, she did not think it would be possible to get a gold locket, nor even an imitation one, for the amount mentioned. Why did the lady not try to purchase a pretty string of beads? Muttering a few thanks for the suggestion, the disappointed woman turned once more to the street, depressed and forlorn, and decided to return home and make the best of what she had.

Suddenly her foot kicked something on the snowy pavement; it was a little square, rubber-bound package. Picking it up she flew down the street toward the spot she called home. Hiding it in her dress, she prepared the simple evening meal and after a few games coaxed the little sister off to sleep.

Nimble and quickly the work-hardened and unbecoming fingers decorated a small chair beside the child's bed; one by one the little dress, the candy animals and the gingerbread man took their places of honor to await a pair of blue eyes in the early dawn.

All this while the little square package lay like a bit of lead against the eager woman's breast. At last with

trembling fingers she removed the rubber bands and tissue wrappings. A loud exclamation of joy made the sleeping child turn on her pillow, but she did not waken. On a dainty bed of blue cotton, swung on a chain as delicate as a thread hung a tiny gold heart. A queer half-sick feeling suddenly swept over the little woman, as she realized that this did not belong to her; a white card fell from the wrapping and fluttered to the floor. Picking it up she read:

"Merry Christmas to Maggie!"

She laughed with the joy of possession. It was for Maggie, and taking it over to the little chair, she hung it lovingly around the neck of the gingerbread man.

FLORA DELL.

The Real Spirit of Christmas.

How often have I heard the word: "I wish I were rich at Christmas-time, for then I could do so much for others," writes Margaret Woodward in an article on the problem of Christmas giving, in *Suburban Life*. "How strange it is that we never seem to learn the lesson that it is not the giving of things, but the giving of self, that counts! It is the spirit of Christmas which we must strive after—not the multiplication of gifts."

Christmas Athletics.

"Perley—Halloa, Jinx! Going to take Christmas quietly?"

Jinx—No. Going to devote it to athletics.

Perley—Good. What kind? Golf or football?

Jinx—Neither. I am going to carve a turkey I bred myself for ten people. There's exercise for you!

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 28

A DAY OF DECISION.

READING LESSON—Joshua 24; Heb. 11:23-31.
GOLDEN TEXT—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

The lessons for this past quarter, omitting the temperance lesson, cover one of the most interesting periods in the history of Israel. In them there is presented five of Israel's greatest characters, Moses, Aaron, Miriam, Joshua and Caleb; one of the strangest characters in all history—Baalim; and the typical troublemaker of the nation, Achan. We have presented the strength and weakness, victory and defeat, of four, Moses, Aaron, Miriam, and Joshua.

Israel's History.
The first of the scripture passages presented for the day's reading lesson contains the farewell discourse of Joshua. In it he surveys Israel's history from the days of Terah to the moment they possessed Canaan, emphasizing that in it all God was directing and operating. He then appeals to them to serve Jehovah and to put away all other Gods. The alternative is, that with such evidence before their eyes, if it seemed evil to serve Jehovah, they had choice between the gods their fathers abandoned beyond the river and those they had found in the land. As for himself his choice was made, "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." After repeated declarations of fealty on their part Joshua, entered into a covenant with them that they were to serve Jehovah. The passage taken from Hebrews ought to begin at verse thirty.

Moses leads out of Egypt (a type of sin), through the wilderness experiences, but could not lead them into the land; Joshua took up the work where Moses left off and led them into the promised possession; but he was not able to lead them into that perfect rest which only comes from a perfect conformity to the will of God. The message of the Book of Hebrews is that of the son who fulfills all that these great leaders of the past failed to do. He leads from bondage into possession and on to the final rest which remains for the people of God.

Recapitulation.
Omitting the temperance lesson (Nov. 9) six of these lessons deal with Moses as the leader, and in five we have Joshua as the leader of Israel.

I. Under Moses' Leadership.
Lesson I. Moses' Cry for Help. Num. 11:10-18, 24, 25. (1) Complaint and controversy, vv. 10-15; (2) Comfort and Counsel, vv. 16-18, 24, 25.

Lesson II. Jealousy and Envy Punished. Num. ch. 12. (1) The Accusation, vv. 1, 2; (2) The Arrest, vv. 4, 5; (3) The Arraignment, vv. 6-8; (4) The Judgment, vv. 9-10; (5) The Intercession, vv. 11-12.

Lesson III. The Report of the Spies. Num. 13:1-3, 25-35. (1) The Spies, vv. 1-3; (2) The Majority Report, vv. 25-29; (3) The Minority Report, vv. 30-33; (4) The Sequel, ch. 14.

Lesson IV. The Sin of Moses and Aaron. Num. 20:1-13. (1) The People's Petition, vv. 1-5; (2) God's Plan, vv. 6-8; (3) Moses' Mistake, vv. 9-13. (a) Deception. (b) Pride. (c) Self-glory. (d) Disobedience.

Lesson V. Balak and Balaam. Num. 22:1-6, 24:10-19. (1) The Call to Curse, 22:1-6; (2) The Wayside Challenge, 22:22-35; (3) The Changeling Message, ch. 24.

Lesson VI. Temperance Lesson.
Lesson VII. The Death of Moses. Deut. 34:1-12. (1) The Old Leader, vv. 1-8; (2) The New Leader, v. 9; (3) A Great Character, vv. 10-12.

II. Under Joshua's Leadership.
Lesson VIII. Joshua the New Leader. Josh. 1:1-9. (1) The Call; (2) The Charge; (3) The Counsel; (4) The Companionship.

Lesson IX. Crossing the Jordan. Josh. 3:1-7. (1) The Leader, vv. 7, 8; (2) Those Led, vv. 9-13; (3) The Dry Ground, vv. 14-17.

Lesson X. The Fall of Jericho. Josh. 6:1-20. (1) God's Orders, vv. 1-5; (2) Joshua's Instructions, vv. 6-8; (3) The Obedient People, vv. 9-16.

Lesson XI. The Sin of Achan. Josh. 7:1-26. (1) Joshua's Error, vv. 1-9; (2) The Cause of Defeat, vv. 10-12; (3) The Victory of Defeat, vv. 13-15.

Lesson XII. The Division of the Land. Josh. 14:1-14. (1) Those Left Behind, vv. 1-5; (2) Caleb's Claim, vv. 6-12; (3) The Promise Fulfilled, vv. 13-15.

The golden text is peculiarly significant in its fitness as we close the studies for this year. The final word the fruit and flower of this new nation, is epitomized in this the simplest, yet the most sublime language of the New Testament. What Moses and Joshua did in type and what they each left not being able to accomplish, God in the person of his greatest gift to men can and does fulfill in abundant measure. The widest stretch of human imagination cannot measure the breadth of his love. The deepest depths cannot fathom the awful woe of unbelief.

GOOD JOKES



PASSED THE PLATE.

It was a street car conductor's duties in the church of which he was a member to take up the collections one day; and, as it happened, his first experience of such duties. He was a little nervous as he started down the center aisle, but that soon wore off, and he began to feel almost at home.

There were several children in the first pew. Each put in a penny. The people in the next pew also contributed something each.

A big, glum fellow sat alone in the third pew. The new collector passed him the plate, but the man shook his head and stuck his hands deep into his pockets.

Thereupon our friend the conductor stopped, put up his hand as if to jerk the bell cord, and said: "Well, you'll have to get off."—National Monthly.

A NON-EXPERT OPINION.



Peter—I say, Jimmy, what do they mean by "fearsome" in this here game of golf?

Jimmy—Don't know, Peter, unless it's the way some folks play.

A Lost Heirloom.

"There is no gout in Sir Percy's family, is there?"

"Not now; there was formerly. It was introduced into the family by Sir Roland Highliver, but they have been so miserably poor for the last 200 years that they couldn't keep it up."—Puck.

Not Like His Grandfather.
"Doctor, I'm getting tired of this everlasting dunning. You ought to have more respect for me than that. My grandfather was one of the earliest settlers."

"Well, I wish you had inherited that quality, and would settle early."

Too Ostentatious.

The Tall Blonde—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

The Short Brunette—But the Lima, Ohio, man who shot off fireworks when his wife went away on a vacation made a vulgar display of his affection.—Judge.

His Reproof.

Mrs. Voteleigh (coming home at 11)—Are the dear children all right? I haven't set eyes on them since morning.

Her Husband—Huh! You go about airing your views; better you'd stay at home and view your heirs.

Where He Obtained Knowledge.
"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "He had a thousand wives."

"Yes," answered the woman tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."

BAD SEASON.



The Critic—Sorry I missed seeing that mob scene in your last production.

The Actor—To which mob scene do you allude? The one in the play, the one in the audience, or the one on salary day?

On Leap Year.

Weary William—I wouldn't have many national holidays if I had my way—only 365, that's all.

Frayed Philip—So yer'd make us pore fellers work one day every four years, would yer, yer slave driver!

Technical Enough.

Benign Old Gentleman—Poor little chap! Where did that cruel boy hit you?

Tommy—Boo-oo-oo! We were 'avin' a naval battle, an' 'e torpedoed me in the engine-room!—Tit-Bits.

In Public Eye.

"Somehow," said the genial station official as he seated himself beside the traveler, "there are some things which lead people to appreciate our wonderful improvements for their convenience and comfort."

"Oh, don't worry," laughed the jolly traveler. "There are some things about your line that are always in the public eye."

"I'm glad to hear that, sir. And would you mind naming them?"

"Cinders, sir—cinders!"

Perplexing Prescription.

Mrs. McGuire—Is you could man any better since he went to th' doctor's, Mrs. Finnegan?

Mrs. Finnegan—Not wan bit, Mrs. McGuire. Sure, it's worse th' poor man is wid his head whirling 'round 'tryin' to discover how to follow th' doctor's directions.

Mrs. McGuire—An' what are th' directions, Mrs. Finnegan?

Mrs. Finnegan—Sure, they do be to take wan powder six toimes a day, Mrs. McGuire.

Any Old Grounds, Nowadays.

"If you can show sufficient cause, madam, I am sure you will be able to obtain the divorce you seek. Upon what grounds will you sue?" asked the lawyer.

"Incompatibility."

"Ah, very good. What appears to be the trouble?"

"No matter what I do or say, my husband never fails to reproach me with 'tut, tut.'"

Eliminative Processes.

"If you'll notice this year you will see that there doesn't seem to be as many canoe-drowning jokes as there were last season and the season before. How do you account for it?"

"I dunno; maybe once in awhile a humorist tips over and isn't heard from any more, same as anybody's else."

No Control.

Baseball Pitcher (walking the floor with his youngest)—If the manager could see me now, I bet I'd get soaked with a fine.

Wife—Why so, dear?

Pitcher—I don't seem to have any control of the bawl at all.

TOO ILL TO LOOK WELL.



Mrs. Goodhart—Couldn't find work. Perhaps you didn't look well.

Dusty Rhodes—No, mum, I didn't look well—because I was ill.

Statesman's Trials.

"You must remember not to forget the folks back home," advised the veteran statesman.

"There is small chance of my having a chance to forget them so long as there are jobs to fill," replied the new representative.

A House That Suits.

"Has your wife found a house that suits her?"

"Well, yes, it suits her. All but the kitchen range, the closets, the cellar, the front parlor, the vestibule, the lighting arrangements and the dining-room wall paper."

Puffed Proverb.

Though therunto by gentle suasion sped, He may the reservoir approximate, You cannot force the equine quadruped The aqua pura to ingurgitate.

His Fortune.

"I should think it was a pity Noah and his sons didn't know anything about poker. It would have been such a diversion in the ark."

"They couldn't have played it with any success, because they never had more than two of a kind."

Unanswerable.

"My father kin lick your father," said little Tommy Snagg to little Bobby Bluster.

"Mebby he kin," said little Bobby Bluster, "but he ain't a-goin' to do it, 'cause my father is your father's boss."

The Hobo as a Teacher.

The Lady—Look here, you said that if I'd give you your dinner you'd mow the lawn for me.

The Hobo—I'd like to, ma'am, but I gotta teach you a lesson. Never trust th' word of a total stranger.

Had a Poor Time.

She—I suppose you are familiar with Longfellow's poem: "To Stay at Home Is Best."

He—Yes, and I think he must have written it just after returning from a summer outing.